WP21 g42/13

A FEW HUMBLE STANZAS,

WRITTEN EXTEMPORE,

And accompanied with a Preſent of Three ETRURIAN JUGS, commonly called GREY-BEARDS, of different Sizes, with Silver'd Tops; from Meſſrs. SWINNEY & COLLINS, Proprietors of the BIRMINGHAM CHRONICLE, to WILLIAM TAYLOR, Eſq. Printer's Agent, Warwick Square, LONDON:—as a trifling Acknowledgment for his very eminent Services, rendered to the Printers of Newspapers throughout the Kingdom.

Moſt Gracious SIR,

AS YOU, by PRINTERS, while they Sing,
" Old Roſe, and burn the Bellows,"
Are daily Toaſted like a KING,
And " KING of all GOOD FELLOWS!

And as, while Flatt'ry's Guiſe we ſhun,
Plain Truth this Fact imparts;
" For BOONS obtain'd and SERVICE done,
" YOU Reign IN ALL OUR HEARTS."

'Tis meet your MAJESTY ſhould hold
Your State, ſtill unabating;
For which your Liegemen make thus bold,
To ſend Three LORDS IN WAITING.

Each at your Sideboard to attend,
Three TONS their Titles gracing;
Firſt LITTLE-TON, our little Friend,
Eſteem'd for SOBER Pacing.

Next MIDDLE-TON, a ſprightly Peer,
Who keeps the Golden Mean;
And, *Half Seas Over*, hints to Steer,
Milkſop and Sot between.

And laſtly One Big-belly'd Wight,
Who Fuddling loves, and Fun;
And if we ken your Kingſhip right,
You'll dub HIM—DARLING-TON.

For well we ween, he holds a Quaff
For thoſe who dare drink deep;
And YOU, we know, love more to LAUGH
And DRINK, than THIRST and WEEP.

And well we ween in Warwick Square,
The ROYAL HOST loves well,
To honour moſt who moſt ſhall dare
To pull the Butler's Bell.

And as the Trine are all agog,
To grace your Board or Shelves;
Whene'er your Kingſhip dines IN COG,
You'll drink—" YOUR NOBLE SELVES!"

For Neither, by Faſtidium checkt,
A gen'rous PLENUM dreads;
Nor can a VACUUM e'er affect,
GREYBEARDS, with SILVER'D HEADS.

BRUSH.

CUP21 g42/13

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